

INDIAN

12th YEAR — No. 12 — DECEMBER 1949

MERRY CHRISTMAS



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RECORD

ST. BONIFACE, MANITOBA

HAPPY NEW YEAR

INDIAN AFFAIRS TRANSFERRED TO NEW DEPT.

OTTAWA — The transfer of the Indian Affairs Branch, long part of the Department of Mines and Resources, and formerly a Department of its own, is indicated to take place in a Cabinet reshuffle.

The creation of three new Departments, one of Mines and Technical Surveys (National Parks, Wild Life, Forests and the North-West Territories), and one of Resources and Development and one of Citizenship and Immigration will replace the former Department of Mines and Resources under which — strangely enough — the Indians were administered. The new Department of Citizenship and Immigration will administer the Indian Affairs Branch, according to information received recently.

INDIAN ACT STILL UNDER STUDY

The Department of Justice, according to J. L. Gibson, M.P., may introduce a bill to revise the Indian Act, soon. This bill would bring up to date all legislation covering Indians.

The present Minister of Mines and Resources, the Hon. Colin Gibson, is of the opinion, it is reported, that the new Indian legislation should not be hurried through Parliament, and that it should be presented to the Indians of Canada so they may examine it and present once more their views to the government before becoming law. It is uncertain whether or not the new bill will be presented in the current session of Parliament.

It is reported that procrastination in presenting the new Indian Act Bill would cause much disappointment among the natives of Canada. Apparently the evidence given during the sittings of the Special Joint Committee for the Revision of the Indian Act, in 1946-47, did not give all the information necessary for conclusive plans in legislating for the Indians. There are still many points of Federal-Provincial relations to be cleared up, as well as the pending appointment of a Claims Commission to be studied, before the new bill can be introduced in the House of Commons.

The announcement that the Indian Affairs Branch is soon to be transferred to a new department indicates that the Government is contemplating very important changes in Indian affairs administration.



DEATH FLIGHT PROVES NEED FOR HOSPITALS

NORWAY HOUSE — Sick Eskimos are refusing to board planes for flight under Federal Health arrangements to hospitals where they can be treated, it is reported here.

The Eskimo fear stems directly from the recent R.C.A.F. Canso crash here which took 21 lives including those of eleven civilians and five Eskimo children stricken by infantile paralysis.

It also brings to the fore the whole question of the handling of health services in the northland by the Federal Government. It is recalled that the R.C.A.F. have refused to make public the results of the enquiry on the crash despite the presence of civilians including vital medical personnel on the plane.

It was pointed out by experienced airmen at the time the Canso with a crack crew plowed into a hillside in failing light here that departure of the plane from the Churchill area was so timed that a great part of the trip would take place after dusk contrary to the general rule here against all night flying. The plane was about halfway to Winnipeg, its destination, at the time of the accident.

REASON FOR FLIGHT

The Federal Health Department's anxiety to show it is able satisfactorily to fly sick cases south at all times was seen here as the reason for the night flight. The Government hitherto has been unwilling to provide adequate medical facilities in the Far North on the plea that sick cases can be shipped by air when necessary.

Since the existing hospital facilities have not been sufficiently aided and badly needed facilities have not been made available at other points, transportation of the sick by plane is the only alternative to the public clamor which would be aroused by reports of gross neglect in these areas.

Meanwhile, the tale of the untimely end of the five Eskimo children is being told and retold from igloo to igloo. Eskimos have never reacted as well to medical treatment in strange surroundings as they would if able to be fully treated in local hospitals or clinics — now however they are unwilling to admit illness which would necessitate a flight.

Your Gift to the Child Jesus

This is an open letter from your Editor inviting you in a very urgent way to offer a special gift to the Divine Child during the Holy Year 1950.

Please read carefully the advertisement on page eight of the I.M.R. and let your hearts be moved to do your share in promoting the work undertaken twelve years ago for your benefit.

The founding of the "APOSTLESHIP OF THE PRESS" for all the Indian missions in Canada gives every one of you a splendid occasion to practice charity and the spirit of lay apostleship among your own people. The need of a Catholic monthly for the Indians of Canada has been recognized long ago, and the Indian Missionary Record has made great sacrifices of time and money to serve this cause.

The survival of the Indian Missionary Record, as a means of enlightenment and of guidance, is dependent on your generosity. Our plea has already been heard favourably by our Mission Superiors in the Prairie Provinces. We trust you will respond to our invitation in such a generous way that our hopes to distribute five thousand papers each month, everywhere in Canada, will be realized during the Holy Year.

May the Divine Child bless you all, and may His Graces be showered upon you in a very special way during the New Year 1950.

Yours gratefully,

Rev. G. Laviolette, O.M.I.

READ AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE ON PAGE EIGHT

Next Month:
St. Laurent's speech
on Indian Affairs
change.

INDIAN MISSIONARY RECORD

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC PUBLICATION FOR THE INDIANS OF CANADA

REV. G. LAVIOLETTE, O.M.I., EDITOR.

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Emancipation Pro and Con

(Winnipeg Tribune)

ACTION of the British Columbia legislature in granting to all Indians of that province the right to vote in provincial elections has once more brought to the fore the old controversy regarding the early "emancipation" of all the natives of Canada.

There are many indications that at the next session of Parliament further reforms affecting Indians and the methods of handling their affairs will be agreed upon. In the view of many, however, the time has not yet arrived when all should be granted full citizenship.

The Indian on a reservation is denied the vote on Dominion affairs not because he is an Indian but because he is a protected ward of the state. Since he is the ward of the Dominion, his status in provincial affairs is altogether different.

Few but those persons who have visited northern reservations realize to what an extent some of the Indians are wards of the country. Owing to the fact that they have known nothing but segregation they are totally ignorant of the meaning of citizenship. They are content to let reserve supervisors make all their business transactions and they are like children who live only for the day. They become resentful and peevish when things go awry and fail to understand unavoidable delays that occur in providing them with relief when times are hard.

It is frequently said and generally agreed that "the evil that lies in our Indian system is the maintenance of reservations" — a system under which "the Indian sees enough civilization to covet its privileges but this does not give him the training to undertake its obligations." But it is apparent to most persons that it will be some years before reservations can be abolished. Many of the older Indians will never be fitted for full citizenship and it would be an impossible and thankless task to attempt to provide them with homes outside of reservations.

The hope for full emancipation of Indians lies in improved educational facilities for children born on reservations. The department of Indian Affairs now realizes this, and is doing much more than is generally known to bring about improvement. The prospect is that within a short time Indian schools will be unknown in the North and that Indian children will be able to mingle with and learn from their white brothers and sisters. Experiments now being tried in some parts of Northern Manitoba would seem to prove there will be no great difficulty in bringing this about.

Much has yet to be taught the Indian regarding health rules and sanitation. Good work is being done in this regard by the staffs of hospitals on reservations. But prejudices die hard and the progress being made is painfully slow.

The average reserve Indian views a hospital with great suspicion. The reason is that not so many years ago when a native entered a hospital he was in such an advanced stage of sickness that the chance of leaving it alive was small. Today there remains the fear among older dwellers on reserves that an order to enter a hospital is almost the equivalent of a death sentence. In some of the outlying Manitoba reserves it is necessary to send out a Mounted Policeman to escort a sufferer to hospital. It is encouraging, however, that the children have not the same dread of these institutions.

Several thousand Canadian Indians now enjoy full citizenship and the majority of these can be classified as the best type of citizens. They will be the first to agree that before the same privilege is accorded their reserve brothers there must be improved education, health and sanitation.

The Beaver as a Staple Food

We seem to have been so well sold on the idea that Indians lived on buffalo meat that it had never occurred to us to wonder what Indians further north, where there were no buffalo, lived on. According to Sir William Schooling, K.B.E., who wrote a brief history of the Hudson's Bay Company, the chief diet of those Indians was beaver. He states:

"As a food supply, the beaver takes a prominent place; the flesh is good and the tail is considered a delicacy. In a vast portion of the Mackenzie river district it serves the natives as the buffalo did the Indians of the plains. It is their staff of life."

Another historian who wrote "Vanguards of Canada," which is now out of print, refers to a Christmas dinner which the Hudson's Bay factor gave about the middle of the last century, in what is now Edmonton. There were six gentlemen present, including Missionary Rundle, for whom the mighty mountain is now named. Each served a different kind of meat or fowl, including buffalo, deer, game and beaver tails.

Grey Owl, the famous Canadian naturalist, too, spoke of the time when beaver was a regular article of diet, and points out that the beaver is a vegetarian.



Rev. Fr. P. Peyton, Rosary Crusader greets Fr. Giroux, O.M.I., a valiant Alberta missionary and apostle of the Rosary.

Public Opinion

• The reply to Chief Sitting-Stone (I.M.R. July) has not received very many favorable comments. However, Mr. Anaquod is speaking for the younger generation and the Veterans. The only solution which would be practical is to keep prohibition on the reserves while access to beer taverns could be allowed for all. Public opinion agrees with Chief Sitting-Stone however, as being 100% right.

• **NEWSWEEK**, (Sept. 5, p. 34), a widely circulated weekly, suggest a reason for which the Eskimo death flight (see p. 1, col.5) may have been made in such a hurry. No public statement has been given out yet; public opinion may surmise that the published statement in the *Ensign* (Nov. 26) is based on good grounds.

• A valiant French Missionary, **Fr. L. J. Teston** has been decorated recently with the French Legion of Honour. Public opinion wonders when the Canadian Government will give similar recognition to many pioneers of the Gospel and of civilization in the Far North.

• There are still between 20 and 25 children of school age on the **Pipestone reserve** for the Sioux in Manitoba. The Catholic pupils have to attend boarding school over 200 miles away. The Church authorities are willing to rent the chapel as a school, to test the possibility of operating a day-school there.

Petitions from the Indians have remained unanswered and unacknowledged to date. Public opinion demands that these Indian children be given the same opportunity as any one else for an education.

• Public opinion is wondering why it is so difficult for Indians to obtain copies of the Indian Act, of the Annual reports of the Indian Affairs Branch, and other information which is in the public domain. If the Indian Affairs Branch did 1% of the publicity the Dept. of Health and Welfare does, many of them would be enlightened and therefore less critical of the Branch's policies and administration.

• Throughout the whole of Canada public opinion condemns the providers of illegal liquor to Indians, the laxity of certain courts in not prosecuting the offenders or letting them get away with such light sentences as to invite contempt of the law.

• Public opinion backs up the editorial published in the *Winnipeg Tribune* and reprinted last month in the *I.M.R.* on the need for Social Workers.

The First Missionary



By Gerald C. Treacy, S.J.

One day at Antioch, a Voice sounded out of the sky and the first Catholics there heard these words: "Set apart for Me Paul and Barnabas for the work to which I have called them." Antioch was an important city in Syria, near the shores of the Mediterranean Sea.

That is how St. Paul received his vocation as a missionary. He is the first and greatest missionary of the Catholic Church.

St. Paul at once left Antioch, went to nearby Seleucia, and from there sailed for the island of Cyprus, about 150 miles away. St. Paul and St. Barnabas left their boats at Salamis, and at once began to tell the people there all about our dear Lord. They were all over the island of Cyprus.

The Roman ruler of Cyprus was the Proconsul Sergius Paulus, a very learned man. When he heard about the new teachers who had come to his island territory, he said: "Tell them I want to see them and learn about their Faith."

So Paul and Barnabas went at once to see him. They found him in his big palace with a friend of his named Elymas. Elymas means a magician or sorcerer, a bad man who does tricks through the power of the devil and harms people. He said to Sergius Paulus: "Throw these two new teachers out of the palace. They are no good."

Paul turned right around and looked at Elymas and shouted: "You are the son of the devil. You are unjust, deceitful and a liar. Why don't you stop making the straight ways of the Lord crooked? And now I'll tell you something. God's anger is about to strike you blind and you'll not be able to see the sun bright flaming on the palace walls."

That is just what happened. A coal-dark mist covered Elymas' eyes and blackened out the light of the sun. He cried out: "Somebody give me his hand. I'm blind and I want to get out of here." One of the soldiers took his hand and led him into the street.

When the Proconsul saw that, he was very much startled and he turned to Paul and said: "I believe what you have told me about our Lord." Sergius Paulus was the first Proconsul of the Roman Empire to become a Catholic.

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Church Calendar of Feasts

Sunday, Dec. 25th: The Nativity of Our Lord.

Sunday, Jan. 1st: The Circumcision of Our Lord.

Friday, January 5th: The Epiphany. Holyday of Obligation. (First Friday Devotions).

Do not forget that Saturday Dec. 24th is a day of fast and abstinence from meat. Observe the spirit of penance of the day by abstaining from celebrating Christmas too early! Attend Midnight Mass, go to confession and receive communion on Christmas morning.

Strange But True

Santa Claus-or St Nicholas dressed in episcopal robes rides on horseback into Amsterdam, Holland at Christmas to be greeted by the populace and the Royal Family.

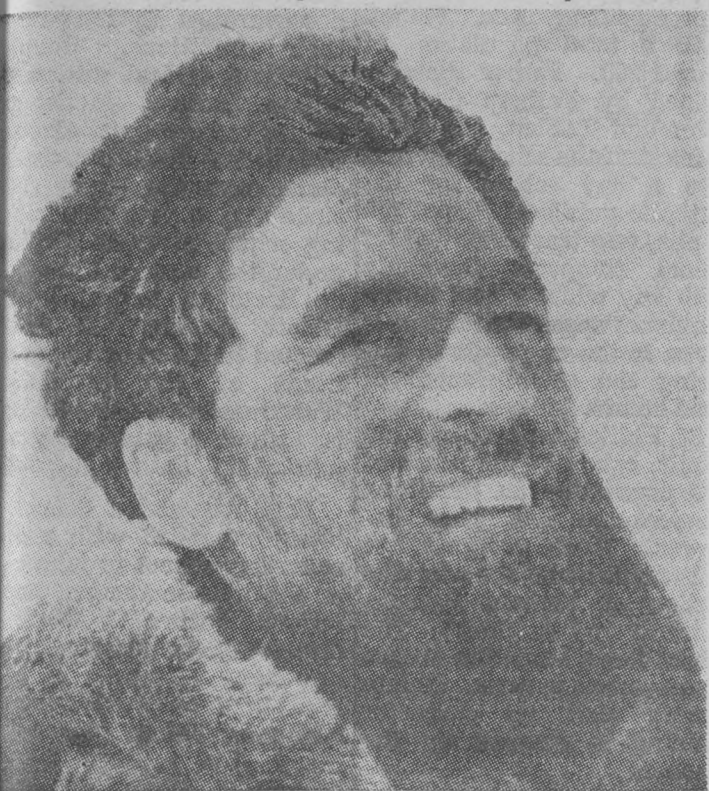
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A CENTURY AN ARAB BORN IN PALESTINE - **MGR VINCENT GELAT**, APOSTOLIC ADMINISTRATOR OF THE PATRIARCHATE OF JERUSALEM - celebrated Mass in the Church of the Nativity Bethlehem last Christmas Eve.

IT IS TRADITIONAL IN VALETTA, MALTA, to choose a schoolboy as "LITTLE ABBOT" at CHRISTMASTIDE. Last year **JOHN THEUMA**, age 12, gave a half hour sermon at MIDNIGHT MASS.

ST FRANCIS OF ASSISI PLACED A REAL BABY IN HIS CRIbs AT GRECCIO - THE BABE GREW UP TO BE ST. BONAVENTURE.

CATHOLIC PRESS APOSTOLATE LAUNCHED TO BOOST INDIAN MISSIONARY RECORD

Hudson's Bay Missionary Lost



Rev. Paul Henry Dionne, O.M.I., 43, of l'Avenir, P.Q., has been missing since Oct. 20th in the company of two Eskimos with whom he had gone on a seal hunt.

Numerous RCAF flights in the area and land parties were unsuccessful in finding the lost missionary and his companions who had left Eskimo Point in a motorboat to hunt seals. It is believed that the boat capsized in the high seas. Father Dionne had been missionary for 12 years at Eskimo Point. R.I.P.

Lebret School Parents' Day

"Honor thy Mother on Mother's Day; thy Father on Father's Day, but cherish both on Parents' Day."

November 30 was a joyful day for our children and the parents who answered the call of Father Principal for a special day to honor our parents. Many were here for the High Mass, when Father Principal welcomed them heartily. The visit to the classrooms was a treat to all. "What a change since my time," said my old friend, John Sr. "Look!... the textbooks, the writing and the work they do! It's amazing to see so much at one time. The parents were glad to see their children at work, sitting at their desks, and the children were happy, too.

But what about the dinner? "Oh! it's a dandy," said Jos. Over one hundred enjoyed the best time of their life. Together with the members of the staff, it was surely a cheerful crowd. After dinner all were invited to visit the shop, barns, chicken coop and the sewing rooms. The children were the leaders—it was a treat for the parents to have their children explain everything. They had never been so talkative.

At 2 p.m. children and parents were gathered in the parish hall for a concert presented by the pupils of our school, as a token of love and deep appreciation to their loving parents. The band played O Canada and other selections. Kenneth Goodwill greeted the parents and presented the program. The girls' chorus opening number was the Welcome Song, which was followed by a piano duet, played by Lorraine Belle-

garde and Ruth-Ann Cyr. The main feature was a drama, "The Lonely Lady," in which Grace Lavallee Charles Bellegarde, Linda Anaquod, Eliz. Lerat and Art Obey took part, it won enthusiastic applause from all. More songs and band selections brought the program to a close.

A special meeting for all parents to discuss school problems, followed the entertainment. Father Principal, as chairman, kept the ball rolling for nearly an hour. It proved to be interesting all the way through. Suggestions and new ideas crept into that brainstorm session; it was good to see that nobody turned them down with all the reasons why they should not work.

After a busy afternoon, all returned to the school where lunch was served in the girls' playroom. Mr. Alfred Piegan, of Paskwa Reserve, thanked the staff for the good work accomplished in our school on behalf of their children. Mr. William Yuzicapi, of the Key Hills Colony, struck the keynote of the Parents' Day when he spoke about the social duties of the parents in the education of their children. "Education," he said "is a way of living. It is not only the school's business, but principally the parents' affair. Education begins at home, and must be continued during school days and after school years are over. It is an everyday work. The school helps us, but we must all co-operate. After all, we

ST. BONIFACE, Man., Dec. 8 — To support actively the Indian Missionary Record, an appeal has been launched by the religious superiors of the Oblate missions in the Prairie provinces, the Very Rev. FF. Ph. Scheffer, O.M.I., and A. Routhier, O.M.I. Extension of this campaign has been graciously granted to the Vicariates of Grouard in Alberta and of Keewatin in Manitoba and Saskatchewan by the Most Rev. Bishops H. Routhier and M. Lajeunesse, O.M.I.

After a long study of the problem of financing adequately the Indian M. Record, now completing 12 years of publication, with a circulation of 2,000 a month, the plan submitted has been accepted unanimously. It will be noted that, unlike other similar and more recent publications, the Indian M. Record does not draw support from political party campaign funds, nor does it carry paid advertising. It has subsisted until now through the generosity of its subscribers and no mean feat has been accomplished in developing it to its present standards.

The campaign to boost the circulation of the Record to 5,000 copies monthly will make it possible to print and distribute the paper at the

are the parents."

Then parents and children chatted for a while until parting time came. While the boys and girls returned to their books, parents were heading home happily, ready to work more generously for the betterment of their children, and to maintain a friendly and co-operative spirit with their school. Let us hope that Parents' Day will continue to ensure in the years to come a deeper appreciation of our schools.

INDIAN VILLAGE TAKING CITIZENSHIP

PRINCE RUPERT, B.C. — Metlakatla, picturesque and historic native village 10 miles west of here, may soon become the first Indian village of "Canadians" in Canada.

Culminating years of negotiations, an enfranchisement board will convene at Metlakatla for a hearing on the application of the Metlakatla band for enfranchisement as a whole.

Compliance with the application would have the effect of making Metlakatlans Canadians in all legal and citizenship respects. They would cast off their status as wards of the federal government under the provisions of the Indian Act.

While an amendment to the Indian Act, passed in 1933, provided for such conversion in status, Metlakatla is the first native community in Canada to make such an application.

KAMSACK HOSPITAL FOR INDIANS

It has been announced recently that the new hospital erected at Kamsack will have wards for the Indians of the neighbouring Agency; there are about 1,200 Indians in the area, who formerly had been sent to Canora and to Fort-Qu'Appelle, the latter hospital 150 miles distant.

low cost of 5 cents per copy, thereby permitting the publishers to send gratis thousands of copies to missionaries, hospital patients and others who are unable to pay the regular subscription rate of \$1.00 a year.

Rev. Fr. Scheffer pointed out that the campaign would give an unique opportunity to everyone, the school pupils particularly, to support the campaign, to practise in a concrete way a direct apostleship towards their own people in making it possible to increase readership of the Record to all the Catholic Indians in Canada; it is estimated that with the present circulation nearly 10,000 people read the Record; with a circulation of 5,000 this means 50,000 readers across Canada.

Details of the campaign are being mailed out to all school principals, mission directors and missionaries in the prairie provinces and it is hoped to include British Columbia, the Northwest Territories and Yukon in the campaign.

The very small monthly offering of 5 cents a month by all residential and day school pupils in the prairie provinces alone would enable to carry out the plan within 75% of its objective.

The Indian Missionary Record is recognized as a neces-

sary means of apostolate, carrying its monthly message to thousands of homes. It is the only newspaper of its kind in North America and Catholic Indians as well as the missionaries are proud of it.

Board of Directors

A board of directors has been formed to patronize the Apostolate of the press and its organ, the Indian M. Record. It comprises His Exc. Bishop M. Lajeunesse, O.M.I., The Pas, Man., H. Exc. Bishop H. Routhier, O.M.I., McLennan, Alta., The Rev. Fathers P. Scheffer, O.M.I. (St. Boniface, Man.), A. Boucher, O.M.I., (Edmonton, Alta.), J. Brachet, O.M.I. (McIntosh, Ont.) and G. M. Latour, O.M.I. (Duck Lake, Sask.), Rev. Fr. R. Durocher, O.M.I., Western Editor of The ENSIGN has graciously accepted the post of associate editor.

The Apostolate of the Press will issue from time to time special bulletins and it is also announced that the Indian Missionary Record will be the organ of the Oblate Missionary Association of Mary Immaculate in the Oblate province of St. Boniface for Indian schools and missions. Fr. L. Laplante, O.M.I., is Director of the Missionary Association, and he has begun his organization for the Indian missions at Fort-Francis, Ont.

Oklahoma in Saskatchewan Red Pheasant's Hopes High

CANDO, Sask. — Deep well test drilling on the Red Pheasant Reserve, 4 miles N.E. of Cando, by a five company syndicate from Toronto, has reached a depth of 3,500 feet. Hopes are high that the proceedings will be successful; then the Red Pheasant Indians would no longer envy their Oklahoma brothers.

Official send-off of Red Pheasant well No. 1 gathered company officials, J. K. Swanson, provincial petroleum supervisor and 30 Indians in full

dress from the three neighbouring reserves of Red Pheasant, Mosquito and Sweet Grass. Despite the snow storm and the bitter November wind the ceremonies went on without a hitch.

The Red Pheasant well is located in the Eagle Hills anticline where oil sands are expected to be found at 1945 feet and the oil producing Devonian level at 2505 feet; light commercial oil and natural gas are sought after.

Fort George Catholic Hospital for James Bay Indians

MOOSONEE, Ont. — His Exc. Bishop H. Belleau, O.M.I., has founded a new hospital for the James Bay area, at Fort George, P.Q.; the hospital is thoroughly modern, it is a one-storey building 173 feet in length, it shelters 18 patients, is equipped with an X-ray machine, sterilizer, etc. It cost \$125,000.

Native Vocations

Two Indian girls have made their profession at the Grey Nuns Convent in Ottawa last July and have been sent to James Bay missions; they are Cecilia Sutherland (Sister Stella-Marie) now at Moos-

nee Hospital, and Flora Mishwapit (Sister Catherine Tekakwitha now at Lake St. Ann, Albany).

Miss Wesley, of Attawapiskat began her novitiate in Ottawa Grey Nuns Convent, last July.

For 15 years another Indian nun, Nancy Wabana (Sister Marie-St. Raphael) is at Pointe-Bleue, Lake St. Jean, P.Q.; she is a Sister of the Good Counsel.

Day Schools

Two new Catholic day schools have been opened recently, one at Attawapiskat, the other at Weenisk.

Pledge Yourselves to Support the Apostolate of the Press!



Group of children from Dog Creek Reserve (Vogar, Man.) attending Sandy Bay residential school.

Sturgeon Landing Welcomes Fr. Giard



Departing Missionary: Fr. L. Poirier, (above); Fr. A. Giard (right) new principal, with Fr. G. Nogues of Lebret, Sask., (below).

Mother General Visits School Staff

The Superior General of the Sisters of St. Joseph, accompanied by Assistant Sr. Felix-de-Valois, arrived at Sturgeon Ldg. Sept. 19. Sr. de Valois had been a pioneer Sister at Sturgeon 23 years ago; it was the General's first visit. The visitors were warmly welcomed by the community of 17 Sisters, and by the pupils who honored the visitors in presenting a concert at which Theresa Jebb read proudly an address in French, while Nap. Michel read the English welcome. The visitors spent much time getting acquainted with the people of Sturgeon. On the following Sunday an excursion by jeep was made to the Virgin's grotto, a pilgrimage place.

STURGEON LDG., Sask. — Father L. Poirier, O.M.I., many years director of Sturgeon Landing mission and principal of Guy Indian school has been appointed to Le Pas early in October; he was replaced at the mission by Rev. A. Giard, seven years a missionary at Sturgeon. Father H. Thiboutot joined the mission staff Oct. 9; Fr. Thiboutot was formerly at South End mission.

Farewell to Fr. Poirier

On Sunday, Oct. 2, the parishioners of Sturgeon Landing organized a farewell party for Fr. Poirier in the home of Chas. Morin. After lunch, Mr. Morin read an address, then Miss Josephine Michel presented Father with a beautiful pair of embroidered moccasins, Miss Joan Morin offered a purse of silver and baby Marie-Louise Sauteux presented Father with a bouquet of roses. On Oct. 7 the school staff and pupils bade farewell to their devoted principal in a moving address which expressed the deep gratitude felt by every one for the many years of devoted labour of Father Poirier.

Father A. Giard

The appointment of Fr. A. Giard as principal of Guy Indian school and mission director was made Oct. 4. The school staff and pupils welcomed their new principal with happiness; Fr. Giard was not a stranger to Sturgeon Landing as he had labored there as a missionary for many years. There are 160 pupils at Guy School.

Keewatin Vic. Missions

Many new appointments in the Vicariate of Keewatin were made this fall by H. Exc. Bishop M. Jajunesse, O.M.I. These include: Beauval: Fr. A. Darche, assistant; Brochet: Fr. J. Megret, missionary; Cross Lake: Fr. L. Fleury, missionary; God's Lake: Fr. L. R. Simard; Ile-à-la-Crosse: Fr. N. Guilloux and G. Beaudet; Island Falls: Fr. M. Landry; Island Lake: Fr. R. Rho and W. Dumont; Nelson House: Fr. R. LeMay; Pelican Narrows: Fr. M. Durand; Snow Lake: Fr. Ed. Bleau and South End: Fr. G. Turcot.

CENTRAL MANITOBA RESERVES PROGRESSING

By J. LAMBERT, O.M.I.

Last July I was reading in the Winnipeg Tribune, Bruce Larsen's story, "Glamour Gone, Indians Accept Obscure Life" and I felt that he had characterized life on Indian reserves as it is. He had visited a goodly number of Indians and he had taken pains to study their problems.

Since July, I had occasion to visit Indian reserves and boarding schools at Lestock, Lebret, St. Philip and Crooked Lake, in Saskatchewan; Kenora, McIntosh and Fort Frances in Ontario; Camperville, Fort Alexander, and nearly every reserve in central Manitoba, Shoal River, Waterhen, Crane River, Ebb-and-Flow, Indian Springs, Long Plains, Dog Creek, Rolling River and Elphinstone.

I have come to the conclusion that the resources and aptitudes of the Indian children are equal to, and, in many instances superior to, those of the white children. I have witnessed great physical and moral distress, but also, to offset this, I saw a great number of Indians who were rapidly improving their lot in the economic, social, intellectual and moral spheres. I have noted especially the influence of the church, of the boarding school and of social welfare work, which have helped tremendously in the rapid progress made in the last few decades.

Southern Saskatchewan

Lestock school has 165 pupils, coming from Daystar, Fishing Lake, Gordon, Muscowequan, Nut Lake and Poorman's reserves (total population 1,500 souls). Frs. O. Robidoux, school director, and E. Dorge, missionary, are doing a noble task, helped by the Oblate Missionary Sisters, in educating the children.

Lebret school, the largest on the prairies, with 285 pupils and a staff of 40, is guided by Fr. P. Piché. Thirty pupils follow the high school courses given there. It draws its pupils from the File Hills and Colony reserves, the Sioux, Assiniboines, Pasqua, Muscowpitung and Piapot, with a total population of over 1,200. Father Piché is helped by Fathers Gélinas, Dion and Lebleu, the Grey Nuns staff the school; there is also a day school for the Catholic pupils at Piapot (50 pupils, two teachers). Lebret school competes favorably with any white school in the province; special attention is given to the ex-pupils in fostering the establishment of good homes.

St. Philips, with nearly 100 pupils, caters to the needs of 800 population on the Cote, Keeseekoose and Key Reserves. Much progress has been made under the administration of Fathers Paradis, Tetrault and A. Ruest. The school has a homelike atmosphere second to none. Oblate Sisters staff it; character training is stressed by the teachers.

Now comes Marieval (Crooked Lake), located on an Agency of 1,300 (Cowesses, Kahkewistahaw, Sakimay, White Bear); many farmers are successful here. The mission boasts of a very fine hall, built by Father Lemire; it is a great asset for social development.

Northwestern Ontario

Northwestern Ontario has three fine schools where the standards of education are adequate. Fort Frances is more developed, being located in an industrial centre, Father V. de Varennes is principal. At Kenora, Father St. Jacques heads a school of 100 pupils; while at McIntosh,

Father J. Brachet is principal of a recently built school providing a good home for the children of a very scattered Indian population.

The greatest development manifested in recent years among the central Manitoba Indians, who have had great opportunities to improve their conditions. Camperville is a typical settlement where Indians, Metis and whites receive equal care and educational facilities; the Indians have the larger share since they have a fine boarding school at their disposal under the care of Father de Bretagne, helped by the Oblate Sisters. A new erected hall serves the social needs of the population. Waterhen has a day school; is visited regularly by the missionary, Father F. Poulin.

Fort Alexander School is being expanded with a one room day school to take care of the ever-increasing population. Father C. Ruest is director of the mission. There are many resources at Fort Alexander to provide for an adequate living; we note many fine modern homes especially those of Alex. Courchesne, Louis Fontaine and Ambroise Courchesne.

Father Florentin resides at Crane River, where there are four classrooms; Father Comeau is at Ebb-and-Flow; these are two centres which are receiving a new impulse towards progress and greater achievements.

Father P. Dumouchel has just erected a large hall at Fisher River reserve; he resides there most of the year; great hopes for the future there.

Dog Creek has long had a day school with two teaching sisters and a resident priest, Father Archbold. A new day school is planned for Long Plains. Valley River also boasts of a fine school; it is served by Father Poulet, also missionary of Rolling River, Binscarth and Elphinstone.

Religion Awards at Songhees

VICTORIA — Three pupils at Songhees Indian School, Craigflower Road, Victoria, B.C., have been presented with prizes for proficiency in Christian doctrine.

The tests were conducted by Reverend J. L. Bradley, of the West Coast Missions, and the prizes were donated by the Diocesan Council of The Catholic Women's League. Miss J. Madeline Clay, national secretary, who made the presentation was accompanied by Mrs. Theodore Taylor, Diocesan vice-president, and Mrs. P. C. Shaw, diocesan convener.

Miss Shirley Barker received as first prize a beautiful crystal rosary in compact style case. Donald Barker and Leonard Thomas, who tied for second prize, each received a gold-plated and

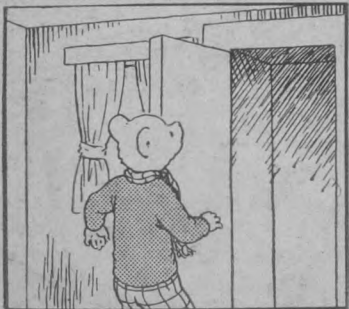
horn rosary. A special Family Rosary prize was presented to Miss Donabelle Thomas, the youngest member of a family having three pupils attending the Songhees Indian Day School.

An interesting programme was arranged by Miss Alice Frith, teacher at Songhees School, consisting of reading, display of catechism exercises, art exhibit, singing and games.

Courses in Prospecting

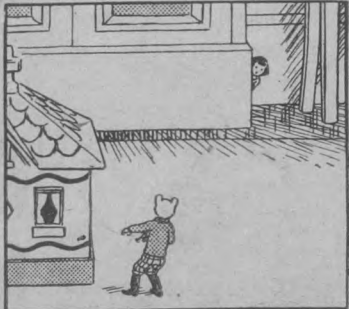
REGINA, Sask. — Courses in prospecting including use of the geiger counter to detect uranium and elementary geology will be given this winter in Saskatchewan. Many Indian prospectors have found already valuable ore deposits this year in northern Saskatchewan. Employment of the natives during the 1950 prospecting season will be a joint federal-provincial undertaking.

RUPERT & MARGOT



Rupert reaches the doll's house and gently tries the door. To his relief it opens without squeaking. Then he makes straight for the cupboard. It is not shut, and he starts back in dismay. "Margot is not there!" he gasps. "Where can she be? Has the giant taken her away or has she got out?" Then another thought strikes him. "Good gracious, I wonder if she ran out of the house while I was in the hollow tree. She may be safe at home all this time!"

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Wondering whether his exciting journey has been all in vain, Rupert comes out of the doll's house, and at once a loud whisper makes him spin round. Peering at him from behind a huge piece of furniture is Margot herself. "Oh, Rupert," she cries. "Are you here, too? Where are we? How did we get here? All I know is that the little house started swinging and bumping about until I was nearly dizzy." "Hush, not so loud," whispers Rupert. "I'll tell you just what has happened since I left you."

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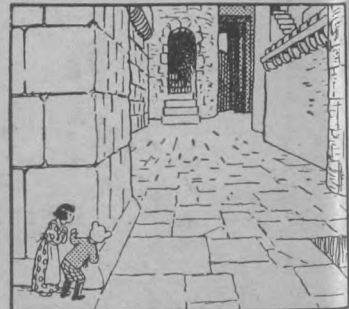
While Margot listens breathlessly Rupert tells what has happened. "Those earthquakes were really made by a giant walking about," he explains. "And the house really was a doll's house. He made it for his little girl and left it under that cliff to dry, and he came and carried it off while you were in the cupboard. No wonder you got dizzy!" Suddenly he stops and clutches her arm. "Can you hear anything?" he whispers. "I believe someone's coming. We must hide at once!"

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The heavy footsteps come nearer, Rupert and Margot gaze round wildly for some place to hide. At one side of the room is a great curtain and they make a dash for it just in time. No sooner are they behind it than the giant enters, strides across to the doll's house, picks it up again by its chimney, and goes out, passing so close to the little pals that they hardly dare breathe. "And to think that that giant carried me all the way here!" whispers Margot.

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When the giant has disappeared Rupert breathes more freely. "Whew, that was a near go!" he murmurs. "I'm glad he didn't see us." Creeping out to a corner in the wall they peep round, but the giant has disappeared. "The coast seems clear," says the little bear, "but how am I going to get you back to the boat?" "What boat do you mean?" asks Margot in surprise. Rupert quickly tells her of his adventures in reaching the castle, and she listens excitedly.

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Science and Health

FATS FOR FUEL

Fat is important in the diet of humans, both for its fuel and for the value imparted to food either by its natural fat or by additions. Fat is the most concentrated form of food energy. Being a high energy-supplier, fat has a special value for men doing hard physical labor or active people such as teen-agers. The same high fuel value carries a danger to some people in the form of obesity, which results from overeating although not just of fat.

SUNSHINE VITAMIN

Especially in short winter days children cannot depend on getting sufficient vitamin D from the sun's rays to ward off rickets. But vitamin D is available in other forms such as fish liver oils. Growing children need Vitamin D every day, all year round, to build healthy bones and teeth.

WAR ON RATS

Each year millions of dollars worth of damage is caused in Canada by rats. These creatures destroy food and property on a vast scale. Responsible for some of the most dreadful epidemics in history, the rat is still dangerous as a carrier of disease. Every means should be employed to destroy this menace.

LADY-IN-WAITING

During pregnancy good nutrition does not mean increasing markedly the quantity of food eaten as much as a more careful selection of the food. It is important that the mother-to-be have generous portions of meat, cheese, milk, eggs, whole-wheat and fruit every day to protect her health and the health of her child.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

LONDON — Some disciple of Pascal says somewhere that whenever a polar bear sneezes in Greenland it causes an infinitesimal ripple on the sands in the Sahara.

Prepare to Dispose of Indian Lands

WASHINGTON, D.C. — The house public lands committee approved a bill to provide for disposition of lands within Indian reservations in Montana, North Dakota and South Dakota, that were acquired by the government under the submarginal lands program of the 1930's. The measure would establish local boards for each reservation to make recommendations for sale, grants or exchanges of the land. The recommendations would be subject to approval by the Secretary of the Interior.



Miss Josephine Crumrine (extreme right), pictured with her mother, Nina Crumrine, hail from Anchorage, Alaska. Both extremely talented, they are shown with some of their paintings done from real life. Josephine specializes in dogs and animals, while Mrs. Crumrine concentrates on Indians, Eskimos and landscapes.

Rev. J. Brachet O.M.I. Appointed at McIntosh

Father J. Brachet, writes his impressions upon arriving at his new post.

Picturesque Setting

McIntosh is on the main line of the Canadian National Railway. When you alight, a sign tells you that the beautiful lake you gaze at with its pretty islands is "Canyon Lake". Looking around you will perceive several babies staring at you with their round eyes, safely tied behind their mother's back in the "Tikinagan" Indian cradle. Mrs. Diamond, the operator, is up every night directing by telegraph the traffic of many trains. You will find her always obliging.

Prairie Fire

LETHBRIDGE, Alta., Nov. 18 — A wind-driven prairie fire sweeping along a 10-mile front destroyed an estimated 40,000 acres of grass on the Blood Indian reserve. The flames cut through the middle of the reservation for 20 miles before they were halted by the St. Mary river. The fire began about two miles east of Standoff and was driven eastward by strong west winds to a point just south of Fort Whoop Up, 12 miles southwest of Lethbridge. The flames came within a few miles of Kenyon airfield. No estimate of damage could be obtained but superintendent Ralph Ragan of the Indian Agency at Cardston described it as "a terrific loss to the Indians." The fire swept through the best hay land on the reserve, and destroyed about 40 tons of baled hay stacked on the prairie. More than 100 fire-fighters battled the fire 10 hours.

A Winding Road

"Up and down, around and around" is the description of the forest road that reaches McIntosh from the interprovincial highway and the Red Lake section. The Ontario-Minnesota Pulp and Paper Co. gave notice to the Principal through the Indian Affairs Branch by Jos. Wesley. Jos. is of Lac Seul Band, resides at Sioux Lookout and is trap line supervisor and interpreter of the Indian Agent. Guess how many beavers we shall have later on!

Tourists
The several lakes of the district attract many tourists, some coming from as far as Chicago. They built themselves some delightfully rustic camps and cabins. Indians are often taken as guides. The last cars have now gone back to work and toil.

Recent Events
Oct. 11. Five pupils, three from Red Lake, two from Frenchman's Head, are received in the Church.
Oct. 14. Father Joseph Brachet arrives from Fort Alexander and is installed as superior and principal. He gives work to all the Indians who wish to cut cord wood and has several culverts set on the station road.
Oct. 21. The T.B. Clinic is here.
Oct. 24. Four pupils from Sandy Lake are received into the Church.
Nov. 2. Fr. Camille Perreault, who was principal here from 1925 to 1946, comes to McIntosh as assistant.
Nov. 14. Bro. Eugene Gauthier leaves for St. Mary's school, Kenora. Bro. Adolphe, his brother, aged 85, stays here and still works most of the time.
Nov. 21. Father Benoit who had stayed here a few days on his arrival from Lac Seul leaves for Winnipeg.

Residential School In The Forest
This school startles the traveler, specially at night with its many brilliant lights, hidden as it is in the bush between Forest and Canyon lakes, with a waterfall that operates an electric turbine. There are 126 pupils coming from 14 reserves as far as 300 miles to the north, and 600 miles to the east. Most of the children speak Saulteaux, but some speak Swampy Cree.

Tekakwitha Bell
The church bell which peals over the lakes and forest, calling Indians and Whites alike to worship, has the engraven name of "Kateri Tekakwitha". The scenery here with the bush and water resembles the one she loved to contemplate and the language spoken here is the tongue her mother spoke.

Several Beavers
We have three nice beavers here. They were brought from Grassy Narrows. They are fat

Homemakers

PUMPKIN PIE

Beat 4 egg yolks till creamy and lemon colored. Add 1 cup brown sugar combined with ½ teaspoon each, salt, ground cinnamon, all-spice, and nutmeg, and 1 teaspoon grated orange peel. Blend thoroughly.

Mix together 2 cups sieved, cooked pumpkin, ¼ cup melted butter, ½ cup heavy cream. Combine with egg mixture.

Beat 4 egg whites till stiff. Sprinkle with 1 tablespoon cornstarch and beat some more. Fold into pumpkin mixture. Pour into a 9-inch pie tin lined with unbaked pie pastry and bake 10 minutes in a hot (450 degrees) oven. Reduce heat to 350 and cook about 25 minutes longer, or until a silver knife, inserted into the pie, comes out clean.

SCHOOL URGENTLY NEEDED AT PIPESTONE

39 Children Within A One-mile Radius

PIPESTONE, Man. — On Sunday afternoon, November 6, the Rev. Ph. Scheffer, O.M.I., Provincial of the Oblates of the St. Boniface province, accompanied the Missionary, to attend a meeting of the Indians at Pipestone, at which 15 men attended. The urgent need for a day-school there was emphasized at the meeting.

It was pointed out that petitions had been sent to Ottawa through Archbishop Sinnott, on Aug. 25, 1935 and in May 1940; these were turned down. The matter was reopened in September 1945 at which time it had been decided by the Indian Affairs Branch that a school at Pipestone would neither be efficient nor economical.

In 1946 and 1947 more correspondence was exchanged and the final answer to a proposal that the chapel be used temporarily as a classroom was negative. Another petition was sent to the Indian Affairs Branch in the fall of 1948, to which there was no answer. In the summer of 1949 a plan was made by the Regional Director of Manitoba Agencies that the Indian children should be sent to the Pipestone village school; it did not materialize.

At present there are 39 children of school age, all living within a radius of one mile from the centrally located chapel which could easily serve as a temporary classroom. The number of children actually not attending school is 25. 13 attend boarding school and one is in hospital. It has been decided at the meeting to renew the efforts to have a day school for the Pipestone Indian children to be opened in September 1950.

Valiant Lives

A CATHOLIC VIKING

BY Griffiths

THE FIRST WHITE SETTLEMENT IN NORTH AMERICA IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN MADE IN THE YEAR 1000, A.D., BY THE VIKING, LEIF ERICSSON..



..SON OF "ERIC THE RED", DISCOVERER OF GREENLAND IN 985, HE WAS CALLED "LEIF THE LUCKY" WHEN HE SAVED A PARTY OF NORSEMEN ADRIFT ON THE SEA...

LEIF CALLED HIS DISCOVERY VINLAND, WHICH SOME HISTORIANS IDENTIFY AS PRESENT NEW ENGLAND. HIS BROTHER THORVALD, KILLED ON A LATER VOYAGE, IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN THE FIRST CHRISTIAN BURIED IN AMERICA.



..LEIF HAD BECOME A CATHOLIC WHILE IN THE SERVICE OF KING OLAF TRYGGVASON OF NORWAY. SENT BY THE KING WITH MISSIONARY PRIESTS TO INTRODUCE CHRISTIANITY INTO GREENLAND, LEIF FOUND WHAT IS BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN AMERICA, WHEN HE LOST HIS WAY..

An Old Legend of
Lorette, P.Q.

THE TREE OF DREAMS

by
MARIUS BARBEAU

TWO Huron Indians were tramping the trail together, at night, once long ago, from the heights of Quebec down into the valley of the St. Charles. Soft fresh snow covered the ground, as they headed northwards to their new village of Lorette, in the hills opposite.

Ostatut, one of them, was young and nimble, yet swaying under the weight of his own head; it was clouded with the fumes of firewater. The other, Hurukay, was old and tired, but his soul was radiant as the stars that shone brightly in the benighted sky.

"Not so fast, Ostatut," pleaded the old man, out of breath. "You forget my age."

"I must run," answered Ostatut, "else I fall down. Have some firewater, like me! It will revive you."

"Curse the spirit of evil! This is Christmas night, when the Child was born."

"What is the use, if you are too late for the Christmas Mass?"

"The Virgin knows my burden. She will help me on my way."

"Your burden, hum!" Ostatut giggled, "just a chunk of wood!"

"A chunk of wood, how rash of you!" Hurukay protested, fondling the bundle in his arms. "It is a little child, the image of the Redeemer! The wood carver just finished it, for the manger at our new shrine."

"Then let the Virgin take care of you!"

And he ran away with his jug of firewater towards the village, where his friends awaited his return.

The old Indian, exhausted, sat down at the foot of a tall elm tree. As soon as he recovered his breath, he began to sing a Christmas carol. It was

Jesous ahatonhia

(Jesus is born in the manger)

which he had learned when a boy from the missionary, Jean de Brébeuf, since a martyr.

So tired was he that before he had finished singing the carol to the small wooden child unwrapped in his arms, he fell asleep.

A young woman appeared to him, out of the air. She was beautiful as a dream—a vision of Heaven: dressed as a fine lady of the Quebec court, with a long skirt, white like lilies and trimmed with gold. Her smile to him was red as ripe berries, and her eyes, like stars. She was so alluring that he crossed himself, fearful lest it be a temptation in disguise.

"Hurukay," she said, "I love you!" Her words were like the song of birds, in springtime.

"Why should you love me?" he asked. "I am only an Indian and an old man. You are a white woman and so young, like my grand-daughter."

"I love you, Hurukay, because you are a saint—l'exemple de ton village. The Gates of Heaven I will open for you before the northern star dips to the edge of the sky."

"Then your words are true. For I know you now. You are Notre-Dame de Lorette, our patron saint. When I die, I hope to rest my head at your feet, in Heaven."

The blessed Virgin took the carved image from his arms and lifted it to her breast. It awakened. It was the Infant Jesus, with a nimbus of shining glory around his head. Both mother and child smiled at him, while he sat prostrate at their feet.

No sooner had the apparition vanished than, finding the wooden statuette in his lap, he ran up the hill in a trance, and arrived at the chapel in time to hear the bell toll its midnight call. C'était la première messe de minuit—the first midnight mass the Huron mission of Lorette.

The missionary and the chiefs knelt at the manger, near the altar, like the Magi Kings from the Orient, and sang their Christmas carol. Hurukay, falling to his knees, placed the little child in the empty cradle of straw, saying: "I found him under the Tree of Dreams." And the candle lights shone on his angelic face like stars. With the others he sang:

Estennialon de tsonwe Jesous ahatonhia

Onnawatewa d'oki n'onwandaskwaentak

Ennonchien skwatrihotat n'onwandilonrachatha
Jesous ahatonhia.

But it was his last song. For he breathed his last while he knelt in adoration.

Hurukay was a saint, and his soul took its flight to Heaven, where it still sings: "Gloria in Excelsis!"

After his death other Indians sought the Tree of Dreams, where he had seen a miracle. They expected to find the grand lady there, with smiles



like ripe berries, with eyes brighter than the Evening Star, and whose dress was white like lilies and trimmed with gold.

But their hearts were not pure, and the Tree of Dreams to them remained just a plain tree. Disappointed in having to go back as they had come, without a vision, they sneered:

"Hurukay lied to us. What he had seen was only a deception—a white woman in disguise."

Ostatut, whose name means Wolverine, was one of the first to look for the tree, with his empty jug. Why empty? Because he wanted a miracle to fill it and keep it full forever. If the Lady of Dreams had awakened a carved doll for old Hurukay, surely she could bewitch his jug like the magic bottles he had heard of in folk tales.

"If Hurukay's tree is of any use, I will dream like him of the fair temptress and will get my wish."

The Christians in his tribe gave him warning, "Your words are evil, brother. You may meet with bad luck, under the Tree of Dreams."

But he would heed no advice. Able to speak French—he was the tribal truchement (interpreter), he catered to the white people, and was shrewd like the Wolverine, "Carcajou," whose name was his own. The "Carcajou" is an uncanny fur-bearing animal, so strong for its size and so cunning that it outwits the hunters and is seldom caught in their traps.

People would say of Ostatut: "Cunning like the Evil One," and vain beyond words.

True to a boast he made at the village before he left, he sat up under the Tree of Dreams, one night, and began to smoke his clay pipe. Instead of praying to the Virgin, as Hurukay has done, he only thought of his nation. And his temptation was to drown his sorrow, if he could, in the water of forgetfulness.

Sober at the moment, he thought:

"Evil . . . what evil?"

"Pestilence and firewater? Or the bad winds that muddle the minds of the people."

Ononchio, the French governor, sought our friendship in the beginning, for we were powerful. Our warriors were the terror of the Iroquois; their courage was undaunted. When our head-chief hit a tree with his stone maul, the leaves fell down and covered the ground. His arm was mighty! Our hunting grounds extended far to the west. The Great Lakes bear the names we gave them. But that is all a thing of the past. Our land here is only the size of our ancient villages, no more. It holds all that is left of our people—once numerous as the stars.

"Our ancestors were pagans. Before the black robes came to our country, we did not know God, only the Devil. That's what we are told. The Devil would not go away, even after the waters of baptism washed the remnants of our nation. Like myself, he is a fallen angel! That's why the people say, Otsatut and the Devil!"

While Wolverine sat there, thinking only of himself and his fallen nation, the mountains to the north began to shake, in the darkness of night-time. The earth trembled, and the rumbling travelled towards him through the forest. The trees crashed down in every direction, and a body heavy as a large log plunged into the river, rending the rocks in its fall. Then everything was silent and frightful.

A flash of light blinded him. Yet he could see two eyes, large and full of fire, those of a nightmare. The head was like that of a horse with a flowing mane, high above the boiling water of the river. When the monster shook it, sparks flew away like the crackling of burning pine. The scales on the body glittered in the firelight, scales of silver and scales of brass. The body was long, without legs, and coiled like that of a reptile. It was a serpent—the Great Serpent. Its mouth, wide open, was like a cave. Its teeth were spears; its tongue a red harpoon.

"I hate the Huron race," the Serpent roared like thunder. "I hate it because it was baptized and I curse it. It never shall grow in size, but dwindle instead. But I love you, Wolverine. I am your friend and I give you my blessing."

"Thanks, many thanks," answered Otsatut, his teeth chattering in his mouth. "But try and make your voice not quite so loud. I am not deaf. Stand away a bit, please, that I may see you better. And who are you, dream or reality?"

"I am your people's guardian spirit, their first master. When I am angry my voice is the thunder. The lightning is the flash from my eyelids when they open; and the storm is my breath. I tear up lakes as I go by, and I dig up rivers. Look at the pit there, where I fell; it has turned into a waterfall. And the deep trench is the trail I left as I passed."

"Can't you do something for me? Please soften your voice!"

"I will!"

The Serpent scaled its voice down to a whisper, then changed it into a song like a bird's.

Recovering from his fright, Wolverine said:

"The black robe says that you, the guardian spirit of our forefathers, and the Devil, are the very same, that you hunt for human souls to capture. It was not to meet you that I came here to the Tree of Dreams, but the White Lady."

"Your surprise me, Wolverine. You are not the black-robe's favorite son, and the Virgin is not your patron saint. Listen to me! Spirit though I am and the enemy of the Christians, I love you and I will shower blessings upon you. For I am gentle as a rabbit to my friends."

"Why then remain serpent? You frighten me!"

"Then it shall be for your pleasure!" the Serpent answered. "I will change you into a lizard, a toad, or a bullfrog."

"You are much too kind. Let me stay as I was born. Could you not turn into something else, less frightful?"

The Serpent answered, "I can be a white bear, a wolf, a puma or a rattlesnake, even a man like yourself."

"Be a man then, and we can talk."

The monster vanished. A dwarf stood on the river bank in his stead, three feet high, a wicked smile curling his lips, and his eyes sparkling like a tiger's.

"Now, listen to me," the mannikin said.

"Go on! Let's talk business!" Wolverine answered, reassured.

"You're lazy like a dunce. You won't work for a living."

"You, too, preach to me, like the black-robe. Then the Devil is not what I thought."

"Here is a purse of gold. Tie it to your belt; it is yours. It's a witch-purse. It shall never be empty, much as you may draw from it."

"There you are a real prince, I swear upon my soul!"

"You have not enough to cover your nakedness. Yet you are vain and would gladly don the costume of a marquis, a feather in his cap. Here there is silk and satin, wampum in bands for your belt, and strings of white wampum for your neck; silver bands for your arms, and bracelets for your wrists."

"Like a chief you may call upon Ononchio, the governor."

"Good!" Wolverine agreed, sinking his hands into the rustling finery.

"You are drunkard. A riverful will never quench your thirst. Here is a bottle for you. It ever pours firewater but remains full to the neck."

"It is magic!" the Indian exclaimed, his hands forward, to grasp the marvel at last. "You are a great spirit!"

"The head chief refuses to give you his daughter to wife. For you are poor, lazy, and a rake."

"You flatter me!"

"But as soon as he hears the sound of gold in your purse he will change his mind."

"The black-robe wants to throw you out of the village. But beware! He does not know whom he has to deal with. Weasels I will send to his coop, rats and mice to his pantry. I will hold the witch's sabbath on his roof every night, all the tomcats three miles around. Impossible for him to sleep!"

"The best yet," Wolverine acknowledged. "But tell me, what do you want for the purse, the bottle, the girl, and the rest of it?"

"How can you pay me back, Otsatut? Are you so rich that you cannot make a choice?"

"Are you so exacting . . .?"

(Continued on Page 7)



(THE SPRING of TEGAKOUIA
By SERENA WARD

Chapter XI

God Spared Us!

She arrived home before the household, so recently worried and then angry because it had worried about her, awoke. She started the fire and prepared the morning meal. And leaving it ready on the hearth, she left the lodge and went alone to the cornfields. She did not yearn to answer questions and wished to avoid taunts today. The sun was brightening, and she threw her veil over her eyes as she neared the fields of maize which lay flattened upon the ground. Soon the sun would stand them up straight again — except those which were broken.

Her eyes shaded, she searched field after field till at last they came to rest upon the one farthest down the slope, where she had worked yesterday at stormtide. That was odd! It stood tall and green, waving gently in the tiny five-o'clock breeze. **Tall and green and waving.** As though there had been no storm at all. Her heart stopped beating and raced on.

She could hear voices now, of others coming to see what damage had been done, though they knew there could be no cultivation today, while the earth was wet and heavy. The shaman, **Light-in-the-dark**, was with them and she heard his voice raised in a slow chant at the edge of the first field: "The gods have listened to me. They have spared your fields, which will soon stand forth in beauty and fruit once more." Tegakouita watched them advance chanting thanksgiving until they reached the field at which she stood in awe. She saw the magician's eyes widen and heard a cry burst from his lips. He pointed to the field untouched by the storm, his eyes fastened upon the young squaw half in question half in understanding.

"God — my God — spared us," she answered the unasked question clearly. "In the name of the Father and the Son and the — Holy Spirit!" Unconsciously she crossed her slim brown hands upon her breast and lifted her face to heaven. And the Mohawks were silent.

Chapter XII

Introduction to Hell

FATHER Jacques Fremin was fired with zeal to establish his missions in the order named. Like his forerunners in the spread of the faith among these savages, he thirsted for souls and more souls though he would have been surprised could he have taken a peep at the history written about his achievements at a later date. It was his job. He must do it well. Even better than well.

So: "Jean," he said to Father Pierron when he had already established the missions among the Mohawks, "you must go back to Kahnawake and carry on what we have started. These savages easily forget, and they are not at all trained or instructed as they should be to keep hold of their new faith."

"I am so stupid about their language! I hardly know any way at all to make them understand even the few simple truths they must know. Might it not be better if you found one who could really teach them and send me to a less important post — or just let me go along with you blazing trails."

"My friend," Fremin assured him, you have what it takes. A man, to live alone among these wild people, must have more than languages at his tongue's end. If it were languages we needed most here, our Superior General would have sent those pale scholars who sit for long hours over their desks laboriously illuminating the gospels in purple and red and gold! Here we need good example, a strong stomach and a level head — you will make out."

He had gone on his way, dreaming of his mission St. Mary's, his mission Francis Xavier, St. Joseph and Michael, and left Jean Pierron to struggle as best he could with his stumbling tongue, his big heart and — his intestinal fortitude.

Pierron wrote to Sister Marie of the Incarnation: "I am at a loss to know where to begin. My parishioners (how grand that sounds, but you should see them!) are very shrewd, very good, very bad

and inordinately curious. Not knowing how to approach them, I have decided to use various symbols in pictures. Thus their eyes will serve rather than their ears, at least until I can better master their own language. Thank God for canvas and that I have a little flair for painting. Pray for me, my friend, for God knows I need all the help I can get in this beautiful, terrible country where I must found His kingdom on earth."

Safe in her convent at Quebec, the good nun thought of Pierron as a great hero and prayed diligently that all might go well with him. And she penned letters to her son on the other side of the Atlantic, that she never dreamed might one day be of help in the canonizing of a young Indian saint and immortalizing that saintly Pierron who laboriously pictured in red paint made from surgeon glue (with which Tegakouita also dyed her feathers and quills and bark) the pains of hell and the wiles of the devil who was seeking the souls of his "parishioners."

Tegakouita did not seek Baptism or attend many of the lectures given in the speaking silence of highly imaginative pictures. She was practically swamped with work, now that everyone seemed bent on handing over her share of the tasks of the cabin, after the fields had been hoed and weeded. But she knew what was going on just the same, for her ears were keen and discussions numerous and awe-struck, around the evening fire. Sometimes as she bent over her basket-weaving or embroidery she had to smile a little at the interpretations put upon Pierron's teaching. His "Great Spirit," they said, was the same as their own, but there was a lovely lady who was His mother, though He never had a father. And how could that be anyway? And this God walked around the earth when the world was quite young, and He did not teach His people about the spirits in the lightning or in the rain, or wind or the rivers, but only that people who did what He told them to do, would see His Father after they died. And He did not have any father — so how could you see Him if He was **not**? They shook their heads and sometimes made fun of the Blackrobe who taught them foolish things. And Pierron almost despaired of ever packing even a few sublime truths into their heads.

(To Be Continued)

The Tree of Dreams

(Continued from Page 6)

"The payment is just a trifle, a thing you cannot dispose of to anybody else but me."

"What then, a vow to drink myself to death?"

"It comes to the same, Otsatut! Have you not anything for sale you can remember?"

"My soul? Oh! I never thought . . ."

"your soul! That's the price. Tope là!"

"But," Wolverine wondered, a bit unsettled, "where shall I sleep, the first night after my death?"

"In my own heaven, my son! And you will need no blanket there."

"Is there any fire-water to slake a man's thirst?"

"Funny question! I have so many toppers with me that you can imagine the row if I did not keep them dead drunk all the time!"

"What a jolly good place! Never too soon for me to go there!"

"Wait a moment! Surely you will go there. But here is the catch: Should you repent some day, when you grow old, and try to do me out of my reward, then you will find someone here to deal with you."

Wolverine did not know what to say.

"My new home shall be under the waterfall at your village, to remind you of our bargain," the Dwarf concluded. "A soul for gold and for fire-water. A fair exchange. If you try to cheat me, I shall wring your neck and breathe the revenge upon your village. Lorette shall stagnate like a frog's marsh, for a hundred years, two hundred, and . . ."

The Great Serpent spat into the St. Charles River, below the waterfalls, casting a spell:

"The blood in the veins of the new generation shall be like a drop in this mountain stream."

He spat again and vanished in a puff of grey smoke, leaving not even a footmark on the beach.

Wolverine's vision under the Tree of Dreams had come to an end. Dazed, he went back home that night, and awakened, a new man, next morning.

What about the purse, the magic bottle . . . ?

They were there, in his lap, and that was the worst that could happen to him.

Wolverine, from that day, was the wealthiest man in his tribe, and a real live devil. He gave Sagamitte feasts eight days long. Rum flowed as if out of a spring and lust followed in its wake.

The old folk gossiped as they always do. They whispered that Wolverine had dug up a treasure; there were treasures underground in those days;

that he was a spy in British pay, that he fished with two lines in muddy waters, or that he had sold his soul to Satan.

All this chatter mattered little to him as long as the fun lasted, many years.

The missionaries could never stop the Lorette orgies. Brightly uniformed officers used to come from Quebec and hold court at Wolverine's. They would not go back to town till they had lost their cocked hats and their fine feathers. . . . That's how not a few of their names white men's names, became the property of some Lorette families, and they are sterling, good names, too!

Lorette stood so near Quebec, only a few miles away. And Quebec was the seat of the mighty, till it fell to the British, and even afterwards.

The British officers were fond of Lorette, just like the French, and they were always welcome. Big guns were fired in their honor, they were made high chiefs, Indian names were bestowed upon them, The-Dawn-of-Sky, Crimson-Sky and He-Sails-on-the-Sky. But that is now all over with. Sweet-grass baskets, snowshoes and mocassins are made instead; they are manufactured with machinery, in the modern style, and sold wholesale in the cities.

What happened to Wolverine in the end is of little consequence. The end of the story is never told. Maybe it has no ending. What is left for all to remember is that the Great Serpent remained under the waterfalls for a hundred years or more.

Does it mean that Wolverine tricked the Evil One out of his due, that he repented his sin before his death and, absolved, died a good Christian?

We cannot be sure. If he lived long enough, he probably reformed.



Old picture of the village of Lorette, P.Q. — The ravine to the right is said to be the serpent's track.

Vieux, le diable s'est fait moine!

But he may have taken a short cut, for he was burning the candle at both ends.

The monster's prediction came true. Lorette's population has never grown to this day. It ever remains the same. So it seems.

The Great Serpent was like pestilence. His His breath polluted the houses of the people. So the Jesuits, one day, decided to get rid of him once for all.

How to do it was not an easy matter. But they knew how.

Exorcism! That was the only way. The priests exorcise caterpillars, locusts and every kind of pest. So the missionary declared one Sunday, in the pulpit that he would exorcise the monster.

The men were ready to help the priest in his task, when he had his sacred vestments on, chasuble, etole and the rest. They held their guns loaded in their hands to make things safe. And the women and children had to stay indoors, the shutters closed.

The men in procession stood at the edge of the falls, and the missionary blessed the waters, bade the Serpent move away before the sun was up.

The monster was loathe to leave his cave, for it had enabled him to reap a rich harvest. But he must go! Whistling, he thrust his head out of the cave and blinded not a few Indians with fumes, mostly those whose sight was not so good. The priest recited prayers aloud, from a large book full of bright ribbons.

The Serpent could not hold his own against all those incantations. He had to pack up and go. Crawling out of his den, he climbed the steep bank towards the church, slowly, oh so slowly! He wriggled his way up past the church, in front of it, following the lane to Hudson's Bay House, then beyond it to the north. And he left his track in the ground all the way to the Laurentians, as you can see today.

Was that the end of the great monster of Lorette?

Not quite! For the Lorette folk will tell you that he is still seen in Lake St. Joseph at times. Not only there, but in other lakes.

Also way out at sea. Has he not recently shown his foul head somewhere off Newfoundland?

Truly that is not the Lorette Serpent, the guardian spirit of the ancient Hurons!

Perhaps! You know best. But you will not make the Lorette people believe it. They are too glad he has moved away, at long last.



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